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MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

Vol. 43 October — December 1953 No. 4

PRAYER

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy
That day, and wondered "how"?
A ploughman, singing at his work, had prayed
"Lord, *help them now!*"

Away in foreing lands they wondered "how"
Their simple word had power?
At home, the Christians *two or three had met*
To pray an hour!

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering "how"
Because we do not see
Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away
On bended knee!

Selected

MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

Ruth V. Warner, Editor

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MEXICO

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WESLEYAN CELEBRATION

Representatives of the spiritual heirs of John Wesley in Mexico gathered in convocation in Mexico City, July 7 to 12, to celebrate the 250th anniversary of his birth.

Official guest speakers from the United States included Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City, president of the Board of Evangelism; Dr. Paul V. Galloway, pastor of Boston Avenue Methodist Church of Tulsa, Okla., Dr. Harry P. Denman, executive secretary of the Board of Evangelism; and Dr. Walter R. Willis, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church of El Paso, Texas.

Simultaneous group rallies occupied the first two days, when the ministers were addressed by Dr. Paul V. Galloway on The Ethics of the Christian Worker, by Dr. Walter R. Willis on the Devotional Life of the Worker, and by Dr. Harry Denman on Evangelism. The young people heard messages from Dr. Vicente Mendoza on John Wesley, from Professor Gonzalo Baez Camargo on Youth in the Life of the Church, and an appeal from Rev. Manuel V. Flores, Secretary of Religious Education, to devote themselves to Christian service. In the rally of the Women's Missionary Societies, Mrs. Ana R. Lopez, Mrs. Lygia Villalobos and Mrs. A. A. Reyes developed different aspects of the life and work of John Wesley, Miss Maria Luis Chagoyan

gave messages on the great doctrines of Methodism, Miss Gertrude Arbogast directed the students of the Deaconess Training School in a dramatic representation of the life of Susana Wesley, while Miss Maclovia Garza Flores directed a love feast and Miss Ruth V. Warner an old time class meeting.

The high points of the three day convocation which followed were, first, the evangelistic services at night, addressed by the guest speakers from the United States, when the altars were crowded people who went forward without waiting for the invitation. The concert of Wesleyan hymns is reported in a separate article. For the memorial service on Sunday afternoon, honoring national and foreign orkers, there was a roll call of names recorded in large books of memory. The Sunday morning sermons of Bishop Smith in Balderas Street Church and of Dr. Galloway in Gante Street Church, as well as the inaugural and closing addresses of Bishop Eleazar Guerra of the Methodist Church of Mexico, stirred the audiences with the challenge of the unfinished task of evangelizing Mexico.

Among the evident values of this gathering figured the inspiration derived from a review of our Methodist inheritance; the fraternal fellowship of the workers from our widely separated fields; and the acceptance of further goals for intensive work in the remainder of the Wesleyan Aniversary Year.

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The Methodist Church is characteristically a Church which sings, which prays, and which evangelizes; for two centuries its people have carried the glorious message of salvation.

—Dr. Eleazar Guerra.

—o—

When I was a boy, for a long time I prayed that God would make me a millionaire. God answered my prayer — He said NO.

—Dr. Harry Denman.

HYMN FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHT OF WESLEYAN CELEBRATIONS

Dr. Stevenson, who is both a minister as well as a pianist of note, played numbers on one of the recent Wesleyan programs. As an expert critic he appraises in this article the work of Professor Meza who directs the choir of Balderas Street Church.

Conducting a 60-member chorus, Professor Miguel C. Meza brought a capacity congregation to a high pitch of enthusiasm Saturday night, July 11, when he conducted his choral group in a program of Wesleyan hymns.

Professor Meza knows how to exact the utmost from a choral group, and his nuances range from extremely soft to very loud and exultant. He brought an accompanying esemble of strings and brass into harmonious support of his choral group. The ensemble was always a unity, and the instruments and singers were welded into a constantly satisfying whole. The arrangements of the instrumental forces were made by Professor Meza, and showed rare tact.

In "Jesus Lover of My Soul" the singers were subjected to their most exacting test. They did not fail their conductor, and the constancy with which they maintained their pitch was a joy to hear. The range for the sopranos is cruelly testing, including as it does a number of high A's which must be sung softly, but the singers even on their highest notes retained an even, relaxed tone, one of the most difficult feats in choral singing.

Professor Meza has many times in the past proved his versatility and competence as a conductor, but if any further proof were needed, Saturday night afforded the occasion. Methodism in Mexico congratulates itself on the presence of so distinguished an artist and conductor in its midst, and congratulates the fine corps of singers and instrumentalists who had so ample an oportunity to prove themselves on this auspicious culminating night in the Wesleyan week.

Wesleyan Celebration:

Bishop W. Angie Smith preaching. Bishop Eleazar Guerra interpreting

MY LITTE MEXICAN NURSE

Clara S. Muirhead

At the Battle Creek Sanitarium, recently, I needed a nurse, and I asked for Zenayda Manzano, because I knew and loved her.

Zenayda is from a small, primitive village way up in the mountains beyond Puebla, Mexico. When she had finished the four years' schooling her village offered she asked her father if he would send her to the nearest town, where she could continue her work, for she had a longing for a broader education. He refused So Zenayda settled down to the lot of a farmer's daughter in Zongozotla. There were eleven children and she was the eldest girl, so there was always plenty to do.

Zenayda plodded year in and year out, but always with a longing in her soul for a better chance in life. When she was twenty-two, a young man appeared on the scene and wanted her to marry him, but when she asked her father, she stirred up a hornet's nest. The father was wild, and the mother said she would disown her if she married. Shortly after this two things ocurred which influenced her deeply.

Zenayda was taken to the Catholic church to confess, as was their yearly custom. When she was through, her father asked her, "What detained you so long, daughter?" The girl was all excited and worried and told him the priest had been asking her many new questions about adultery and morals. The father was furious at the priest for putting such ideas into his innocent daughter's mind, and as a result they never had her confess again.

At the same time that the Catholic influence weakened, a Protestant influence began working on her. The nearest Protestant church was thirty miles away. Her older brother used to go

there to church on horseback once in a long while. He had subscribed to the "Mexican Christian Advocate", which he used to leave around. And he also kept a Bible on the table. One night, after her work was over, Zenayda picked up the Advocate and read an article in it and was very happily surpised to find it was very good instead of very bad, as her folks had always told her. After that she often read the Advocate and sometimes the Bible. after the rest had gone to bed.

Once her brother said to her, "Look here. You're so anxious to go off to school somewhere, why don't you answer this notice in the Advocate for girls to train as nurses?"

Well, the more she throught it over, the more she liked the idea, until finally she mustered up courage to ask her father's permission to answer it. He was horrified and gave her a good scolding for daring to leaving home! But the seed was sown in her heart and Zenayda had found a possible solution to her problem. It took her over two years to get his consent to write and ask about it, but she finally got it! So she wrote my father, Dr. L. B. Salmans, director of "The Good Samaritan Hospital," at Guanajuato, México. My father was the first medical missionary to any Catholic conutry and he organized the first training school for nurses in Mexico. The result of her letter was that she was accepted by him to study nursing.

She couldn't travel alone; so her brother took her. The mornig they actually started off, she could hardly contain herself for joy! She was really going to have a chance to make something of herself and get out of the sad rut in which she had lived the first twenty-five years of her life! They rode on horseback all one day and half of the next before reaching the railroad. Of course, this was the first train she had ever seen in her life, and they traveled on it nearly twenty-four hours before they reached Guanajuato.

Thus Zenayda started on her nurse's training course, and she turned out one of the best girls in training. She was so efficient, dependable and sweet! When she had been with us only a short time she joined the Methodist Church, and has been an ardent member ever since.

Her parents are both gone now, but she had the pleasure of returning home after her graduation in Guanajuato and having a nice visit with them and telling them of many of her wonderful experiences out in the great world beyond. And she told them of her new religion and would read to them from the Bible and teach them hymns. How proud they must have been of her Through her, they were persuaded to accept Christ, though they had never seen a Protestant preacher or congregation.

When Zenayda started practicing nursing she realized how useful English would be to her; so she decided to come to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where she has made a splendid record for herself.

Zenayda was not satisfied with freeing only herself from that isolated life. She has been instrumental in bringing her sister, two brothers, three nieces, and a nephew to the United States, where they are turning out, under her guidance, to be useful, Christian citizens.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, New York, January 31, 1929

To the above story we add a few quotations from recent letters from Zenayda Manzano:

How did the first light of the Gospel reach her in that remote village? She says: "About the year 1900 my brother Victor went to Tetela one Saturday in order to make purchases in the market next day. Nearby there was a church, and the singing of a hymn attracted his attention. Entering the room, he was much pleased with the sermon he heard. After that he made it a point to go more often in order to be in the Sunday ser-

vices and he subscribed to the official church paper the Mexican Christian Advocate."

It was not until after Zenayda's father had forbidden her to return to the Catholic church that she got up courage to read the Advocate her brother received: "I found it very interesting and one day I was much impressed with an article on salvation. So I can say my conversion came about by means of the Mexican Christian Advocate."

When the day came that Zenayda left home to go Guanajuato for nurse training, "I was so happy," she says, "that the door was open for me to have a profession that I hardly realized I was leaving my dear family. Of course, the separation was hard, but my great desire to attend a church service and hear a sermon sustained me. I was baptized and received into the church. When I' accepted Christ as my Savior, my life changed completely because formerly I had worshipped a dead Christ, but now the risen Christ. I feel that I am very close to my Lord and He is my intercessor with our Heavenly Father."

Miss Orlene McKimmey of the Laura Temple Hostel, Mex- from her salary pays for the education of as many of her nieces and nephews in Mexico as she can, sending them to our Methodist schools so that they, too, may have their chance to know Christ and receive an education.

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Mrs. W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City and Mrs. Walter R. Willis of El Paso were welcome visitors to the Wesleyan celebration in which their husbands took part.

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OUR SYMPATY

Miss Orlene McKimmey of the Laure Temple Hostel, Mexico, D. F., was called home for a time in July by the sudden illness and subsequent death of her father Our sincere sympathy is hers in this time of bereavement.

A SERVICE OF LOVE
MAMIE BAIRD

Lulu Thomas Holmes

Dr. and Mrs. Henry H. Holmes, educators and one-time Methodist missionaries in Argentina are now living in Mexico City where they take a keen interest in all mission activities.

The only North American in the town of Cortazar, whose population is about 13,000 and which is located in *El Bajio* not far from Querétaro, is Mamie Baird, who represents the Women's Division of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. After nineteen years of service in Cortazar, Miss Baird is no longer a stranger to its people. She has become one of them. Among the evangelical families especially she is a family friend. When they need help of any kind, they call on her. They share with her their joys as well as their sorrows. She gives them a sympathetic and understanding ear. Recently a woman was accidently shot. Her first move was to take the bullet, wrapped in a handkerchief, to show Miss Baird. Because the malnutrition of the children causes her deep concern, Miss Baird distributes milk, food, and vitamins among them. With the people of Cortazar it has become a habit to come to her with all kinds of aliments. She assumes the role of a visiting nurse through force of circumstances. She refuses to diagnose cases; but sends patients to a physician; if necessary, pays for the prescription and also, frequently, pays the doctor's fee. In all such cases she has had the cooperation of the pharmacies, the physicians, the town mayor, and the Rotary Club.

Medical assistance is but one of her jobs. When emotional upsets disturb her families, they appeal to her for counsel. During my visit to her home, in reality a social center, our plan to visit the villages under her care as the Methodist missionary had to be given up because of a marital upset between two young

people. Though married for three years, they had not announced their marriage. The young woman had to be protected; and "wasn't she one of our church members?" said Miss Baird. Without a moment's hesitation, she got hold of the marriage certificate to announce the marriage. She arranged for the two to get together and to go out of town for the time being. Gossipers had no chance to spread unpleasant news. One morning, I was awakened by the sobbing of a young girl. She had come to return the school books which Miss Baird had bought for her: father had decided she must leave school and go to work. He had no employment and there were six children. Our breakfast waited while Miss Baird went to that home, reconciled the father to the girl's continuing in school, and helped temporarily to meet the financial need. Thus the daughter could carry out her dream of preparing at the Normal to be a teacher of religious education.

Another day three men from a mountain village made an early monrning call. They too had woes to tell. Mamie Baird listened and advised. Soon we heard strains from the victrola. The men were being entertained and they willingly agreed to take the records back to the villagers. Moreover, they also agreed to come next day with mules to take Miss Baird and the newly arrived pastor to the villages. These are but incidents in the day's work: multiply them a hundredfold over a period of nineteen years and you get a picture of the service of Mamie Baird. At intervals she has had help. During several summers, work groups came from the States to carry out a program. At other times, she has been helped by a visiting nurse, a pastor for a short period, and a teacher. Just lately, there has come an LA3, Gertrude Baumbach, who is proving so efficient and congenial that Miss Baird has gone for a six months' furlough, leaving Gertrude in charge. The arrival of a new pastor and his bride will lighten the work for Gertrude.

This area is the region of the Otomí Indians, who are considered to be on a lower intelligence level than some other Indians, the Tarascans, for example. Those living in the larger

towns are mestizos, but those in the small villages are pure Otomís. During the literacy campaing of 1945, one of the three primers distributed among the Indian tribes by the Ministry of Education was in the Otomí language. Bilingual teachers were trained and sent to teach the villagers. The program waned, but the present administration is reviving it. Miss Baird fills in the gaps.

"Did you cooperate in the campaign in 1945?"

"Yes," said Miss Baird. "We organized classes in the villages as well as here in Cortazar. Moreover, when the state schools are short of teachers, they call on me. I had to give up the classes for lack of time."

I noticed the interest she took in the agricultural program of the the federal school, which we visited. She talked with the chief about the garden and agricultural matters as though she were a veteran agronomist. She has gathered much experience in the agricultural needs of the region. She has lived with the people through years of terrible drought. She has taught her parishioners how to care for diseased poultry, and how to achieve a better production of eggs. She has distributed hybrid corn seed, secured young fruit trees for planting, and shared other ways of better farming with her people.

As we drove through the rich, lovely valley called El Bajío, she talked about these people's need for mechanized farming. Many follow the old ways of ploughing rather than buy new tools, even when they can afford them. An educational program is necessary, and Miss Baird never loses an oportunity to educate. Enthusiastic over the government's new irrigation program, she pointed proudly to the government-erected buildings for carrying it out. "This will give new life to the villages," she said; adding. "no one social institution: government, schools, church, or home can meet the needs of these people. The problems are too great. We must work together, and that is what many of us are trying to do."

I visited two of the villages with her. The more primitive was Colonia, not only primitive in its physical characteristics, but in the habits of the people. However, after many trial—and —error attempts, Miss Baird has seen her ministry and open house at the Social Center, with programs for the children, and adult classes in reading, cooking, and sewing, achieve success. She is unmolested, she moves among the people graciously and they receive her kindly. As we drove up to the house she built, with some neighbors' help, children and adults gave her greeting.

"How was this accomplished, with conditions so primitive, so fantical?" I asked. "I'll tell you a story," was her reply.

She needed bricks to build a wall around the grounds. She got them in Cortazar, but how to get them to Colonia was the problem. It was the rainy season; ruck drivers hesitated to make the trip because of the bad roads—and they were bad. Finally, at the end of a day, she made arrangements with a driver to haul the bricks. Her instinct told her to go along. It was well she did. The driver unloaded in the highway, short of his destination, for the rickety bridge over a ravine was too dangerous to attempt. But, it migth rain during the night, and the bricks had to be taken to the building and put under cover. The one evangelical in Colonia had left for the day; it seemed all the responsible men had gone away. What could she do? In the moment when she had given up all hope, she saw a man walking with a load of bricks on his back, then another, and another. Finally the little boys gathered and made a game of carrying loads of bricks. What was the secret? That same first man had set fire to his neighbor's house and burned it down. The neighbor was a member of the one evangelical family in the village. Later on, the mission visiting nurse had helped his daughter in childbirth. The child lived. Four others had died previously in childbirth. Hauling bricks was that man's way of showing gratitude. Goodwill overcame hatred, and love prevailed.

Then followed the pancake story. Miss Baird wanted to show her gratitude to those men and boys. There was little in the larder, but knew she could stir up batter for pancakes. Soon she had all eating pancakes, for the first time in their lives. The cakes were different from tortillas, more easily made. Here was an opportunity to start a cooking class for the wives, children, and sweethearts of these men. She started it. Thus the work grows.

On another occasion we visited Suchitlán, an Otomí village where the men are farmers. Here Miss Baird was most helpful during the drought, sharing her knowledge as an agronomist. One farmer was so grateful that he gave the land for the Social Center and the new chapel for public worship. Services, first held in homes, then in the Center recreational hall, will be held in this chapel when the government gives official permission, expected soon. What a day it will be for Suchitlán, when it holds its dedication service, conducted by the new pastor! Remember that until now. Miss Baird has been the preacher and pastor. There is a member ship of forty, a goodly showing in a fanatical environment. In all of these villages a World Day of Prayer service was held. Picture these conutry women and men coming in from the fields to worship. The women wore their rebozos over their heads, carried their babies on their backs or in the *rebozos*. The men wore their work clothes from the fields, but doffed their big straw hats as they came in.

One wants to know what preparation Mamie Baird had when she came to Cortazar. She had the usual college training at the Central State Teachers' College in her home state, Michigan. She attended the Kennedy Mission School in Hartford, Conn. For six years she taught home economics in the Industrial School in Mexico City. She went to Scarrit College, Nashville, Tenn., for special courses in rural education. But her best training was on the field itself. She dedicated her life to Christian service and to leading people toward the abundant life, the secret

of which is a close relationship with God and fellowship with Jesus Christ. That has been her prime motive in every step she has taken.

When she arrived in Cortazar, she found a congregation of three women, four children, and no pastor. Rural education projects had to wait until the need arose. Today there is a church building and a congregation with the aim to be self-supporting, an aim about to be realized. Rubén Casales and his bride are taking over the charge with enthusiasm and determination to develop what others have planted and watered. God will give the increase.

On her furlough, Miss Baird will take every oportunity to sing the praises of her flock. She went with a glad heart, knowing that Gertrude and Rubén and his wife were there to carry on effectively their responsibilities for her people. May she enjoy the rest she so much needs and so richly deserves.

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THE GIRL'S HOSTEL

Ola Eugene Callahan

Come with me to 311 West Fourth Avenue in Puebla. There is nothing on the street outside to cause one to desire to live there, but on entering the empty room which serves as entrance, immediately one catches a glimpse of a tiled pool, plants, flowers, a tree, and a stairway lined with flowers pots. As one visitor remarked, "It is such a wonderful contrast." So one begins to wonder just what life is like in this Girls' Hostel. At the moment all is quiet and workers may be seen rushing about getting things ready for the time when the girls come from school. As the clock strikes twelve noon a mighty rushing and chattering mixed with laughter is heard and in another moment doors are opened, first that of the school to let the girls out and then that of the Home to let them in. If signs indicate anything, every child is glad to get home again, and why should she not be, for she knows that here love is dealt out —on ocassions with a firmmess not welcomed, — that here plans for her welfare are always uppermost in the thinking of all workers, from the cook who prepares appetizing food, right up to the director.

From ninety-five to a hundred and fifteen girls of all ages,

from the first grade through the Normal, present their problems, and many bring on headaches and heartaches in spite of their joyous laughter and play, and at times one may wonder if she is even getting to first base with the ideals she wants to teach.

It is fun to see the girls as they play, sit around on the steps and benches eating fruit, peanuts, or any other eatable thing, as they talk and laugh together, prepare vegetables for the next meal, clean the beans of small stones, or prepare their lessons. It is a pleasure to hear them sing, whether it be in the early hours of Sabbath morning when a small group wander over the spreading place singing hymns instead of ringing a rising bell, or whether a group has gathered about a girl with her guitar, and the popular songs of the day are in order, or whether one is listening to a beautiful chorus directed by a worker or a student as a part of the devotional in the dining room.

Among them some real students will be found, a few whose delight it is to learn, but prepare to battle with a sufficient number of the lazy ones; you will be kept busy and never have a dull moment.

Life in this Hostel is interesting as one rushes to cure two or three burns at once, bind up cut fingers, get a girl with a broken bone to the hospital, treat colds, or see that sick ones drink plenty of water. A prize emergency was a girl with a sliver of glass right through her finger. That was taken out by a doctor and there was not a bit of trouble with the wound.

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Dr. Ethelyn Davis visited her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Milton C. Davis, in Monterrey in July. Dr. Milton C. Davis is much improved in health and is again acting as mission treasurer for Mexico.

Among the visitors to Mexico City at the time of the Wesleyan Celebration were Mrs. M. C. Davis, Dr. Ethelyn Davis, Miss Mary Firzpatrick and most of the staff of the Social Center of Monterrey. From the Center in Chihuahua came Misses Olive Givin and Joyce Curtiss, and from Sanatorio Palmore. Miss Olivia Dickhaut. Miss Ruth Byerley came from her work in Durango, and Miss Gertrude Baumbach and her parents from Cortazar. Miss Clara Gibson of Puebla was, also, in attendance.

THE NATIVE RACES OF AMERICA

The origin of the native races of America is still a mystery, perhaps an unknowable one. Many theories have been advanced as to who they were and when they arrived and what was the manner of their coming. "Some have considered that they represented the sons of Joktan of the line of Shem. Others have recognized them as the Hebrews and Tyrians of Salomon's fleets, and in 1869 de Thoron identified Ophir with the River Japura. It has also been suggested that here are to be found the Canaanites expelled from the Promised Land by Joshua; while Lord Kingsborough published a treatise between 1831 and 1848 attempting to establish their identity with that of the Ten Tribes." (K. G. Grubb).

Several types of Orientals may have mingled to form the American race which in general is remarkably homogeneous some, authorities thinking that only the Eskimo is outstandingly different from the others in language and culture. These Asiatics, distant relatives of the modern Chinese and Japanese, were a branch of the Mongoloids. Australian and Malayo-polonesian elements have also been identified.

The most reasonable supposition is that the first invaders made the long trek across the north Pacific "bridge", the Aleutians being as good stepping-stones then as now. Some archeologists and historians have let their imaginations soar in estimating how long ago man came to America: "between ten and twenty thousand years ago" being one of their moderate suppositions. But a responsible anthropologist (A. L. Koeber) sensibly writes: "How long it took the first wanderers to diffuse themselves from Alaska to the Strait of Magellan, it is impossible to say. Perhaps a couple of thousand years, perhaps only a few hundred. Curiosity, the desire to see, are strong in men if fear imposes no restraints."

These peoples may not have come in one influx but in wave, upon wave, each civilization being partially destroyed and partially absorbed by succeeding immigrants. Thus each race built upon the cultural foundations of previous groups, as is evident in Mexico.

Students of the Benjamin Velasco
Military Academy

WHY IS OUR SCHOOL MILITARIZED?

Agustin Romero Lopez

The writer, who is bothan educator and a lawyer, tell the story of the cadets on the opposite page.

The Benjamín N. Velasco Instiute in Querétaro has celebrated not only its Golden Anniversary but has more than sixty years of service to its credit during which it has faced many difficulties and endured persecution, even to the extent of having its building burned. This occasioned the closing of the school for a time, and the shock contributed definitely to the death of the teacher whose name it bears. Therefore, the institution has faced the urgent need and accepted the reality of the situation, deciding upon militarization.

In order to be outstanding in civic parades, it was neccessary, in the first place, to get uniforms for the pupils. From 1930 on, there has been gradual but definite improvement by means of excursions for military practice which, also, served to promote fraternal understanding among the students.

An initial trip was made by the students to Morelia, capital of the State of Michoacán, to honor the memory of the national hero Jose Maria Morelos. There the boys were entertained by the Governor, General Gildardo Magaña, who was the second in command under the revolutionary leader, Emiliano Zapata.

Our institution was honored with the visit of President Cárdenas who granted the authorization for its militarization and made possible our War Band. About that time our students received from the Governor of this State of Querétaro the commission of taking to the city of Puebla the display of historic flags of Mexico, including the one used by the batallion, called "Ligeros de Querétaro" which inspired the army of Querétaro to action on that memorable fifth of May, 1862, the great exploit carried out against the invading army of Napoleon III.

To complete the program of our Fiftieth Anniversary, our institution visited the city of Monterrey, Nuevo León, at the invitation of General Eulogio Ortiz, Military Chief of the Border Area. We marched at the vanguard of the parade on September

16, our Independence Day. The mayor of that large city, in the name of his city, declared our students to be guests of honor. Thus, they had the oportunity of presenting their greetings and respects to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Mexico which was holding its fourth assembly. The Conference suspended its session for fiteen minutes to watch our cadets parade along Washington Street.

When our school was invited to the city of Cuernavaca, Morelos, we passed through Mexico City, the capital of the Republic, and were able to take part in one of the programs of the Diamond Jubilee of the Methodist Church of Mexico.

The photograph which graces the pages of this magazine was taken on March 21, 1953, when our school attended the Protestant celebration in honor of the great reformer Benito Juárez. Our students made a brilliant display as they marched at the head of the parade. Moreover, the principals of our boy's and girl's schools in Pachuca invited us to take part in a similar way in the ceremonies held on May 8 in honor of Miguel Hidalgo, father of our Independence.

The Government of our Republic has decreed universal military service; so our students are fulfilling their obligation to their country. By doing their military training and service in our school, they are in a more wholesome environment and have, as teachers, selected officers of the National Army.

Some people, without investigating, have expressed their surprise at finding our institution operating on a miltiary plan supposing, thereby, we are fomenting hatred and war to the detriment of our Christian principles. They are in error, for we only teach love of our country, and we desire world peace.

We have accepted militarization because the Government of the Republic has granted it, putting us on the same level as the largest educational institutions, both private and public. The system provides excellent discipline, including the idea of punctuality which we so much need. It imprints on the boys a manly bearing and the habit of excelling, cultivating the civic virtues which can be acquired in this way. This plan has, also, solved many local problems for us.

Mexico is united with the other democracies by international treaties. We are truly proud that General Chang Kai Shek and General Douglas McArthur and other distinguished military men are faithful Christians, some of them members of the Methodist Church. Why, then, have scruples about our students being militarized since in this way they comply with an inescapable National Law, and, on solemn occasions, their martial presence adds brilliance to our ceremonies?

We give this brief information first hand, especially for our brethren in other lands so that they may have a realistic and true basis for their opinion of this school which is living up to its standards in many ways. In our educational work we long to bring our institution entirely up to date, in harmony with our vision for it.

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THE WESLEYAN SERVICE GUILD

The Wesleyan Service Guild, or La legion Blanca de Servicio, as we call it in Spanish, is a rather new organization in Mexixo. About seven years ago. Mrs. Gold C. Hauser organized the first unit in Mexico City, and later one in near-by Pachuca was begun. More than four years ago Miss Helen M. Hodgson organized the group in Monterrey. Miss Elizabeth Villarreal, the president at that time, visited in Durango and aided Miss Ruth Byerley in getting the Guild started there. There is also a Guild in Ciudad Juárez, but the newest one is in Saltillo.

In May, the Monterrey Legion Blanca went en masse to Saltillo to spend Sunday in the church there. Participating in the morning worship, various members had an opportunity to share with the women of the church service, and then after lunch and siesta, the Monterrey Guild held their regular monthly meeting, with the Saltillo women as observers. In this manner they saw the workings of the Guild, and became acquainted with its

program of action, thereby preparing themselves for the actual organizing which took place several Sundays later.

In June, the Monterrey Legión Blanca enjoyed a week-end together on a near-by ranch. A combination of retreat and camp, it was the second annual venture of this nature undertaken by these women. Miss Maria Gonzalez and her committee did the planning both years, providing a well-balanced program of spiritual and recreational activity. Two Roman Catholic friends were among those attending this year, anxious to take part in all the services. It was a real joy to see both them and others take the lead in worship services for the first time. Real growth took place.

The Monterrey Guild pledges —and pays!— one thousand pesos to the New Church Building Fund annually; it contributed to a Social Center in Japan, gives a partial scholarship to a deaconess candidate, and accepts special short-term projects. A year-round service rendered by the members is maintaining the church nursery for the benefit of young parents.

With a motto that reads "Service with Joy", our women are learning the true significance of that by putting it into practice.

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Mr. John L. Groves, after a series of trying hospital experiences, is back at work with his accustomed devotion and energy.

Miss Daphne Swartz of Chicago spent July and August in Mexico City, helping out wherever there was a need in the mission.

Miss M. McFadden of Arizona, at one time a missionary in Brazil, gave her services to the Laura Temple Hostel during the summer.

ADDIE DYER

Caritina Perez

Carried on the wings of imagination, I return to my happy years as a student, and, as in a dream, there pass before my mind the figures of those noble women missionaries who have gone from my life. For, much of what I am, I owe to them. Kindly, patiently, by precept and example they guided me along the good way.

Miss Betz, Miss Hewitt, Miss Dyer — beloved teachers! How could I forget you, when my life as a student and as a teacher was associated with yours in the former Methodist Normal Institute of Puebla, an institution dear to our hearts. It gave us shelter and became a home to us. How we enjoyed the beauty of its ever-blooming garden, delighted in the ivy covering the walls with green tapestry, and found inspiration under the pepper tree full of sweet memories, where birds sang their melodious lullabies.

There everything reminded us of these lives, consecrated to the welfare of Mexican childhood and youth. There we could see our motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister", exemplified in their lives. For us who knew them these missionaries have not died but only gone to the Celestial Mansion. It would seem that these three had made an appointment to meet each other there, for each went within a few months of the others.

It is my privilege now to recall, with great affection, Miss Dyer who was my teacher, later, my fellow worker.

When I arrived in Puebla as a student, she was in charge of the kindergarten and taught the course to the normal students. Patiently and interestingly she instructed us in the Froebel gifts, occupations, songs, games, and stories, both by theory and practice. Our initial fear disappeared as we worked with the children, some of them mischievous, others solemn, or crying because of the separation from their mothers. Miss Dyer solved these problems by playing the piano and singing their favorite songs.

Years have passed and I still hear the tones of the piano, the voices of the children, white little souls who were moulded like supple clay under Miss Dyer's guidance. We cannot recall the kindergarten of Puebla without thinking of her. How many

children of that time are now mothers and fathers, and must surely be telling their children about their kind teacher, Miss Dyer!

When, for special reasons, the Normal was closed, Miss Dyer became an assistant to the pastor of the Pueba church. There her type of work was entirely different. She helped in the office, visited in the homes, taught beginners in Sunday School, doing all in a fine spirit of service to the Lord.

The beauty of Puebla and its historic places have made it a tourist center; so we frequently had guests in the house, and Miss Dyer loved to serve as guide for them, a kindness for which I am sure they were all grateful.

Unless she was ill Miss Dyer went to the post office daily for the mail, a self-imposed task which she did with pleasure. She did so many seemingly small, overlooked things which others did not do for lack of time or other reasons. It is not always the great things which cause us to remmber folks but little things done with love and good will as she did.

After Miss Dyer's retirement we often received letters from her, always asking about the work in Puebla and the people she appreciated in the school and church. She never forgot to send Christmas and birthday cards. I still keep the last one she sent me, dated February, 4, 1953. It said: "Dear Caritina: A little late but with much love and good wishes. I have been sick for over a month now and that is the reason it slipped up on me. Sincerely, your friend, Addie O. Dyer."

Within two or three days we learned that she was gone. As Mexicans we recognize the work wich Miss Dyer did in our country. As friends we miss her, but we rejoice because she now enjoys what our Savior promised.

Our Gratitude

To Miss Kathryn B. Kyser for her generous gift to our magazine.

Miss Helen M. Hodgson, accompanied by her mother, has returned to her work in the Social Center of Monterrey. Everyone joins in welcoming them back after the year's furlough. Miss Hodgson is W. D. C. S., treasurer for Mexico.

SHORT-TERM WORKESS

While Miss Mamie Baird is having a much-needed half-year furlough, Miss Gertrude Baumbach, an "LA 3" worker, is carrying on in Cortazar. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baumbach of Oil City, Penn., have come to spend that time with their daughter and help her in the work. On Miss Baird's return, Miss Baumbach will return to the States for additional training.

Miss Joyce Curtiss, another "LA 3", has finished her term in the social center in Chihuahua and next year will teach just across the Border in Lydia Patterson Institute. El Paso, Texas.

Still another "LA 3", Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, having spent her three years in the Social Center of Monterrey, has had her status changed to that of a full term missionary, a reinforcement of our missionary group for which we are truly grateful. She is having a furlough for further study and is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fitzpatrick in Gallatin, Tenn.

Our fourth "LA 3", Miss Ramona Redman was married in August in Puebla where she has served. She and her husband, Mr. Gonzalo Ruiz, will live in Taxco, Mexico. Her sister, Miss Wilma Redman, came to Mexico for a visit and to attend the wedding.

To all these four young workers we are indebted for the good service they have rendered, and we pray God's continued blessing upon them.

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What we as Methodists need is the deepening of our convictions and our devotion. We need to attain to the essential truths in Christ and realize them in our lives in their fullness.

—Dr. Paul V. Galloway.

MEXICO
Norte
Sur
CALIFORNIA
SONORA
CHIHUAHUA
COAHUILA
NUEVO LEON
TAMAULIPAS
DURANGO
SINALOA
NAYARIT
ZACATECAS
SAN LUIS POTOSI
AGUASCALIENTES
JALISCO
GUANAJUATO
QUERETARO
HIDALGO
VERACRUZ
TLAXCALA
PUEBLA
MEXICO
MORELOS
MICHOACAN
GUERRERO
OAXACA
CHIAPAS
TABASCO
CAMPECHE
YUCATAN
QUINTANA ROO

Miss Lulu Rawls, Apdo. 186
Miss May B. Seal, Calle 12a. No. 1630.

CORTAZAR, GTO.:

Miss Mamie Baird, on furlough

DURANGO, DGO.:

Miss Ruth Byerley, Juárez 200 Nte.

GENERAL TERAN, N. L.:

Miss Anne Deavours

MEXICO, D. F.:

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Groves, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Kellogg, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Matzigkeit, (on furlough)
Miss Gertrude Arbogast, Sadi Carnot 73, Zona 4
Miss Dora L. Ingrum (on furlough)
Miss Orlene McKimmey, Mariano Escobedo 291, Zona 5
Miss Mary Lou Santillan, Apdo. 26203, Zona 13.
Miss Ruth V. Warner, on furlough

MONTERREY, N. L.:

Dr. and Mrs. Milton C. Davis. M. de Zavala 760 Sur, Depto. 101.
Miss Anabelle Dyck, Apdo. 446
Miss Mary Filzpatrick (on furlough)
Miss Helen M. Hodgson, Apdo. 446.
Miss Dora Z. Schmidt, Washington 208 Oriente
Miss Pauline Willingham, Apdo. 446

PUEBLA, PUE.:

Miss Clara A. Gibson, Apdo. 157.
Miss Ola Eugene Callahan Apdo. 157

SALTILLO, COAH.:

Miss Bertha Baker, Apdo. 77

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